

THE COMING OF THE SPRING.

A CITY CANONET.

I.
Thus a family did sing
Praises of the coming Spring:

II.
FATHERFAMILIAS—basso-soprano.
Spring is near without a doubt—
The store-basement is drowned out.
I think we shall undergo a
"Fresh," unparallelled since Noah.
Pavements greasy are with mud,
Sewers choked with turbid flood,
My catarrh persistent hear,
Then admit that Spring is near.

III.
THE NIGHTFUL HEIR—tenor.
Feebly "neath hot-water urns
In saloons the gas jet burns;
The capacious Usher's grace
To lighter garb of drab gives place;
Lay the cone of sealskin by;
Cock Spring beaver o'er right eye;
Dash the mud from either ear;
Beh your pile that Spring is near.

IV.
THE DAUGHTER, O, FINE DAUGHTER—contralto.
In green meadows milk white lambs
Must be frisking with their d—;
In the cornfield turf is set
The first dewy violet;
Crocuses bedeck the loam;
Birds sing in the budding tree
"Gaiest the sword of winter" dears,
Spring, the beautiful Spring, is near.

V.
MATERFAMILIAS—soprano.
Lambs in meadows green? Not much.
All the lambs are in the butcher
Shops; dear, too. "Praps one sees
Violets, but no cabbages.
Singing birds? There are none—stuffs!
But spring chickens, and they're tough;
Nothing's fresh, and all is dear;
Thus I know that Spring is near.

VI.
THE LAMB OF THE FLOCK—childish treble.
I have sold my skates and sled
For a lot of balls, red, dead.
The "Pony Mutual" have elec-
Tol Bill Jones President, and see Sec.,
And their opening game will play
With the Kyooodles, Saturday.
See, my top, my marbles here,
These muddy trousers! Spring is near!

VII.
Thus that family did sing
Praises of the coming Spring.
*Against the sword of winter, keen and cold.
—Chaucer, "The Squire's Tale."
—Chicago Tribune.

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

I shipped in the Norway, for the passage
from Cronstadt to Hull, and another Eng-
lishman, who went by the name of Jack
Hastings, joined her at the same time. He
was a man of considerable information,
and from his talk had seen his share of the
world, but was not much of a sailor, as I
had already surmised from the cut of his
jib.

We found Captain Phelps, of the Nor-
way, a Tartar in the worst sense of the
word; and the voyage was any thing but
a pleasant one, especially to Hastings. He
had shipped for able seaman's wages, and
his deficiencies were soon apparent, espe-
cially to the captain, who had a hawk's eye
for the weak points in a man, that he
might come down on him. As I had a
strong feeling of respect for the young
man, I stood his friend whenever I could,
by trying to do more than my own share
of duty and cover up his shortcomings;
but I couldn't always be on hand, of
course.

One night, when it was blowing quite
fresh, and I was at the wheel, the captain
was up and had all hands putting reefs in
the topsails. The men had lain down on
deck, and were mending the halyards to
hoist away, when poor Hastings, instead
of the reef-tackle, let go the weather fore-
top-sail brace, and away went the yard fore
and aft. However, by luffing up smartly,
we managed to get it checked in again
without carrying away any thing. But
Capt. Phelps, frothing at the mouth,
vowed he would tan the clumsy lubber's
hide that did it, and would "ride him
down like a main-tack." He rushed at
Hastings with a piece of ratline stuff and
brought it down once, with a terrific cut,
over his neck and shoulders.

As he raised aloft to repeat the blow,
while all hands stood looking on, hushed
into silence, a voice from aloft roared out,
"Hold your hand!"

The sound, which was wonderfully loud
and clear, seemed to come down out of the
main-top. The captain fell back aft, so as
to look up, but could see nothing.

"Aloft there!" he yelled, in a rage.
No answer.
"Main-top there?"
"Hallo!" was answered, spitefully.
"Come down on deck?"
"Come up here, and see how you like
it!"

The captain's rage was now fearful to
behold.
"Who's aloft there? Who is it, Mr.
Raynor?" he demanded of the mate.
"Nobody that I know of, sir," answered
the officer. "They're all here in sight."
The men looked from one to another,
but the number was correct. The second
mate, without waiting for orders, sprang
up aloft and looked over the top-rim and
made the circuit offit, looking all around the
masthead, and reported himself alone.
The captain dropped his rope's end and
went below, his mind in a strange chaos
of rage and fear, and Hastings escaped fur-
ther beating for that night.

But a few days were sufficient for the
captain to forget his fears, and I myself
was the next victim of his wrath. He had
ordered me to make a lanyard-knot in the
end of an old, fagged rope, to be used for
lashing somewhere. I did so and returned
it to him, telling him I had made the best
job of it that I could.

"Well, if that's your best, you're as
much of a lubber as your partner, Hast-
ings. I'll dock you both to ordinary sea-
man's pay," said he.

In vain I remonstrated, saying that the
rope was too much worn and fagged to
make a neat piece of work.
"Fagged, is it? Well, I'll finish it up
over your lubberly back!"

"No you won't!" sang out a voice from
behind the long boat.
He rushed round in the direction of the
sound, but there was no one there.

"Who was that that spoke?" he cried.
"If I knew who it was, I'd cut his heart
out!"

"Ha! ha! I would ye?" was answered
derisively—from the main-top, now.
It was broad daylight, and all could see
that there was no one up there. I was
quite as much startled and mystified as my
tyrant could possibly be, but the diversion
served as good a purpose as on the pre-

vious occasion, for he did not attack me
again. Had he done so, I meant to resist,
and grapple with him, if it cost me my life.
That night the captain's slumbers were
disturbed by a fierce cry, which appeared
to come in at the sidelight in his state-
room, left open for fresh air. The cry had
been heard by the mate on the quarter-
deck, and by Hastings at the wheel, who
could give no explanation of it, and seem-
ed to share his astonishment and fear, when
he rushed on the deck and looked
vainly over the quarter in search of the
cause.

From that day he was harassed and per-
secuted at every turn by an invisible pres-
ence which gave him no peace of his life.
Whether on deck or below, he found no
escape from it, and especially when he be-
gan to abuse any of the ship's company
the voice of the hidden champion invariably
took their part. The insolent laugh
that rang in his ears on every such oc-
casion seemed to come from overhead.

But no manifestations ever troubled us
in the fore-castle, nor did the unearthly
voice ever address any one on board but
Capt. Phelps. The most superstitious
part of the crew would rather have borne
his tyrannical treatment than have lived
in a haunted ship, while some of us wel-
comed a firm friend in this unaccountable
spiritual presence, or whatever it might be.

The captain's angry passions were to
some extent checked by it; though, now
and then, they broke forth so suddenly
that the object of his fury received a blow
before it could interfere. We had arrived
within a couple of days' sail of the English
coast, when, becoming exasperated at
some blunder of Hastings, he hurled a be-
laying pin, which struck him in the head.
The poor fellow suddenly clasped both
hands to the spot, with a wild yell, and
rushed into the fore-castle. The captain,
after having thrown the missile, appeared,
as I thought, surprised at not hearing any
thing, and I noticed him glance nervously
aloft. But, still hearing nothing, he re-
covered his courage, and ordered Mr. Ray-
nor to "call that man on deck again."

The mate, getting no answer to his call,
went below, and found Hastings delirious.
He reported that he believed the man to
be in a critical condition, and the captain
directed him to do whatever he thought
best for his relief. I think Capt. Phelps,
like some other hard cases that I have
sailed with, did not dare to venture into
the fore-castle himself, for fear he might
never get out again alive.

That night it became necessary to call
all hands out to reef again; and while we
were on the yards a thrilling cry arose
from the bows, such as well might have
been raised by a maniac. A human form
was seen by several of us erect on the rail,
near the fore-swifter, and then a loud
splash was heard in the water under the
lee.

Mr. Raynor and the captain, who were
on deck, rushed to the side, a hat was seen
for a moment, bobbing up on the crest
of the sea, and the same dreadful yell of in-
sanity was repeated, even more shrill than
before. Captain Phelps echoed the cry,
but faintly, and fell insensible to the deck.

Mr. Raynor hailed us on the top-sail
yard with a voice like a trumpet-blast—
"Lay down from aloft! Clear away the
small boat!"

We thought the mate was quite as mad
as the poor suicide, and so he was, for the
moment. By the time we reached the
deck he was ready to countermand the
order. Every thing was hidden in dark-
ness, the wind and sea fast increasing, and
it was impossible even then for the clumsy
boat to live. The captain, still un-
conscious, was carried below, with many
a muttered wish that he might never come
up again, and bitter were the oaths of
vengeance mingled with kind words and
tears for our departed messmate that went
round our wakeful little circle during the
stormy, dismal night.

When the Hull pilot boarded us, forty-
eight hours afterward, Captain Phelps
was at his post trying to look like himself,
but still pale and trembling. The mate
told us that he should have him arrested
as soon as we arrived in port. But I think
he must have relented, and connived at
his escape, for he was missing before the
ship was fairly secured. I don't think he
was ever brought to justice, though I did
not wait to see. I was glad enough to
shake the dust of the Norway off my feet,
and to forget, if possible, the history of
the voyage.

Strolling along the streets at early even-
ing, ready for any thing in the way of
amusement that might turn up, my atten-
tion was caught by a poster announcing
the performance of Prof. Holbrook, the
unrivaled and world renowned ventrilo-
quist. I had never seen a performance of
that sort, but after reading the bill I re-
solved to go. I was just in time when I
reached the hall of exhibition, and taking
a ticket I entered and took a seat. I
thought the entertainment the most won-
derful I had ever witnessed or heard.
After a variety of sounds and voices had
been imitated with marvelous skill, he in-
formed us that he would hold a conversa-
tion with an ordinary person up the chim-
ney. When the responsive ha! ha! came
down, I was startled to such a degree as
to rise from my seat. It was the same
voice in precisely the same peculiar tones
that I had heard so many times from the
Norway's main-top.

A minute later, the Professor, having
finished his part, came forward to the
front of the stage; and spite of his flow-
ing beard and other disguises, I recog-
nized one whom I had supposed to be
dead five years before.

"Jack Hastings," said I aloud, forget-
ting in my excitement where I was.

"Sit down. Put him out," cried a
dozen voices at once.

I subsided, of course, but not before I
had received a sign of recognition from
the ventriloquist. When the performance
was over he beckoned to me, and, in the
privacy of his own room, grasped my hand
with a hearty pressure.

"Hastings," I asked, "how in the name
of miracles were you saved?"

"Saved? Where?"

"When you jumped overboard, raving
mad."

"I never jumped overboard, Ashton,"
said he, "and I was no more mad than I
am now. It was only a plan to frighten
old Phelps, and I think it succeeded, but
too well. My madness was all a sham,
and the man overboard was only a bundle
of old duds surmounted by my old hat. I
slipped down into the forepeak, and lay
concealed till the night after the ship ar-
rived, when I stole out and went ashore.
Of course, you understood the cries you
heard?"

"Certainly; and the other strange

sounds on board. Your ventriloquism
explains the whole matter."

"I performed in most of the cities and
large towns in England before I knew
you, but I was then dissipated in my hab-
its and squandered all that I made. While
on one of my sprees, I shipped and went
to sea, and that is how you found me in
Cronstadt. But I was never stouter to make
a sailor of. Since I have returned I have
done well and saved money, and you
must allow that I acquit myself better on
the stage than I did on board the Nor-
way."

And that's the only haunted ship I was
ever in. I've heard of others, but proba-
bly those cases might be explained in some
similar way.

Scenes in Kamtschatka and Siberia.

Says the New York Times: The weekly
"free lecture to the people" was delivered
last evening in the large hall of Cooper
Institute, by George Kennan, of Medina,
N. Y. The subject chosen was "Life in
Siberia and Kamtschatka." The lecturer
was one of an exploring party sent out in
1865 to select the best route for connecting
St. Petersburg with the United States by
telegraph. He commenced by humorously
and briefly narrating the voyage of the
party from San Francisco to the Russian
shores, and then delineated in a graphic
manner the life and occupation of the
Russian peasantry. The marriage rela-
tions, he said, were peculiar. A Russian
could obtain a wife for a sum equivalent
to 10 cents in currency, and from that up-
ward. After the ceremony was performed
at the church a feast was usually provided
at the residence of the parents of the bride,
at which the felicity of the newly-wedded
pair was manifested by partaking of food
from the same dish. During the banquet
he said it was customary for some person
to exclaim "sour" in the Russian lan-
guage, at which exclamation the bride-
groom would drop his knife and fork,
and, throwing his arms around his wife,
would salute her with hearty kisses. The
frequency with which this ceremony was
repeated often interfered sadly with their
supper. The speaker next narrated his
experience while journeying on horse-
back through Kamtschatka in autumn.
The scenery at this season, he said, was
delightfully picturesque. The deep gorges
intervening between the snow-capped
mountains, the glowing tints of the foli-
age of decaying vegetation, were all better
calculated to remind the traveler of Cali-
fornia than of that frozen country. The
temperature for a short time at that sea-
son, he said, was mild and genial. Short-
ly after the beginning of the month of
October, however, the weather
grew cold very rapidly, and increased
in severity at the end of the
year. There were in Kamtschatka a large
number of colonists from Central Asia
who had become thoroughly identified
with the Russian population, having "dopt-
ed" not only the dress and manners of the
natives of the country, but also the lan-
guage and religion. They were honest,
truthful and hospitable to strangers, and
subsisted chiefly on the products of sabo-
tapping and fishing. At one time the lit-
tle party was reduced to the lowest ex-
tremity, all their provisions had been con-
sumed and they were compelled for two
days to subsist upon a piece of blubber,
originally intended for the purpose of oil-
ing their guns. At length a wandering tribe
of Koratz was encountered, and, after their
fright had been assuaged, they placed be-
fore the half-famished party the best ac-
commodations at their disposal, which con-
sisted of a mixture of blubber, moss, and
reindeer meat, boiled to the consistency
of a pudding, which, though not of a nour-
ishing tendency, sustained life. The religion
of the tribe was generally the worship
of the evil spirit, manifested by a species
of sorcery. After delineating the customs
of the inhabitants of Siberia, the lecturer
vividly described the aurora borealis as
witnessed in that country. The thermom-
eter, he said, frequently indicated from 50
to 60 degrees below zero, but the intensity
of the cold was lessened by the heavy suits
of fur in which the natives envelop them-
selves. The lecturer withdrew for a mo-
ment and arrayed himself in a fur costume
which he said he had worn during his so-
journ in the Arctic region. The only evi-
dences of civilization to be found in that
country were pictorial papers. He had
seen in one instance a portrait of ex-Gov.
Dix, cut from Harper's Weekly, framed
and hung as a saint, and before which
prayers were daily said by the Russian
peasantry. The speaker closed by relating
the disappointment of the party on learn-
ing that all their labor had been fruitless,
owing to the successful laying of the At-
lantic cable.

Sex in Conversation.

The old-time complaint of men regard-
ing the burden of ladies in general conver-
sation is mostly obsolete. In our day wo-
men, on the whole, talk in society quite
as well as men. They are not quite so ep-
igrammatic, and sometimes lack condensa-
tion, but they are decidedly more spright-
ly, and tell any story which requires quiet
dramatic expression a good deal better.
Their grand defect in conversation is ob-
ligingness. If the subject started is a
bore to him, or one he knows nothing
about, the man will change it or besilent;
but a woman will often go on, out of mere
obligingness, with a show of interest
which is visibly pretense, and a series of
replies which are rapid as white of egg.
No man talks as badly as most women on
subjects they care nothing about, for no
man who, under those circumstances, talks
at all, hesitates to be a little bitter—and
vanilla, be it nice or not, has at worst
more flavors than cream-cheese. But the
serene, equable flow of women's talk
helps mightily to prevent conversation
from degenerating into intellectual dueling—
which, though amusing for two min-
utes, is a weariness at five, and to be per-
fect should be arrested after two shots
each. Women, moreover, wake up talka-
tiveness in the men—an attribute of the
sex which is too often overlooked.—Ex-
change.

The Shah of Persia has given
Herr Falkenhagen, a Russian subject, a
concession to construct a railway from
Tahritz to the Russian frontier. If this
line is carried out it will be extended to
Tiflis, and will become the first railway
connecting Asia and Europe.

Over 1,000 school children were recent-
ly vaccinated in three days in New Haven,
Conn.

A RACE WITH THE FLOOD.

An Exciting Ride from Rose's Tavern
to Port Jervis—A Touching Incident.

Telegraph to the New York Sun.
PORT JERVIS, N. Y., March 18.—The
first approach at this place of the ice flood
which was so destructive throughout the
Delaware Valley yesterday and the day
before, was discovered by Supervisor Near-
pass, L. O. Rose and James Buchanan
about 7 o'clock yesterday morning. They
went up along the Sparrowbush road to
the camp ground, and thence to Rose's
tavern, about two miles from here. The
road runs close to the edge of the river
bank, which between Rose's and the camp
ground is eight feet above the river, a
quarter of a mile. It then rises to fifteen
feet high. Between seven and eight
o'clock they noticed that the river was
rising very fast. Looking up-stream they
saw, half a mile above, a wall of ice as
high as the banks moving down toward
them. The ice in the river where they
were began heaving upward, and was soon
almost up to the road. The advancing
flood from above was throwing cakes of
ice high in the air and hurling them over
the banks on either side. It was plain to
the three spectators that unless they could
put the quarter of a mile of low ground
between them and the flood of ice, they
would be cut off from communication with
Port Jervis.

THE RACE.

They instantly jumped in the sleigh.
Buchanan put his horses on a dead run.
The ice had now raised above the bank,
and great cakes began to fall in the road
behind the sleigh. The ice moved with
such velocity that the running horses
could not increase the distance between it
and the sleigh. Before half the distance
was accomplished the ice received new im-
petus from the wave from above, which
had overtaken the smaller flood. Buch-
anan saw the ice gaining on him. He
plied the whip at every jump, and his
horses almost flew. When they reached
the foot of the hill, which carries the road
to higher ground, there was less than a
yard's space between the sleigh and the
ice. The occupants of the rear seat jump-
ed forward, expecting that before they
were up the hill the sleigh would be
crushed beneath the pursuing ice. The
higher bank was reached in safety, how-
ever. For half a mile the flood kept
abreast of them. Now and then a cake
of ice would be thrown over the top of the
sleigh. When they came to the hill
beyond Buckley's, on the outskirts of Ger-
mantown, the river for some distance
leaving the road, they felt that they had
escaped the flood. What was their dis-
may, on looking off to the right, to see that
the ice had been stopped in the channel of
the river, and was making a new one
through a gulley across Buckley's flat,
and was rapidly approaching the road at
a point a hundred yards ahead of the sleigh.
The distance to be made by both sleigh
and ice to pass that point was about equal.
Buchanan knew that he must make a last
effort to outstrip the flood. Putting the
whip to his horses the race was renewed.
The sleigh passed the disputed point not
more than a yard ahead of the ice, which
a second afterward rushed across the road
and carried destruction into Germantown.

SAVING HER CRIPPLED HUSBAND.
Patrick Creighton lived with his wife
and nine children in a little house on
the Germantown flats. He lately had one
of his legs cut off on the railroad, on which
he was employed. The flood came so sud-
denly that the ice was knocking holes in
Creighton's house before he knew it, and
the water was pouring in. Being unable
to escape in this crippled condition, his
wife started her nine children out of the
house, and then took her helpless husband
in her arms and hurried away to a safer
place. This poor family lost every thing
they possessed.

Mrs. Mary Moloney, an aged widow,
lived alone in a small house on the flats.
In the morning Policeman Elsten went to
her house and told her she must move.
She refused to go. "Your house will be
knocked all to—," said the officer. "Thin
I'll go wid it, shure," she replied, and
did not leave her house. It was surround-
ed by large cakes of ice, and carried twen-
ty-five feet away. She stuck to it, and still
refuses to quit it, although the ice and
water are a foot deep in it, and it is propped
up on every side by huge cakes.

When the flood was bearing down with
great speed on the town an Irishwoman
ran to a house near the river, and soon ap-
peared with a half-grown pig in her arms,
carrying it off in the very face of the
flood.

INCIDENTS OF THE FLOOD.

On the Pennsylvania side of the river the
ice was thrown up the bank fifty feet.
Jacob Westfall's house was surrounded
with huge cakes in an instant, and a pas-
sage had to be cut through them to rescue
his family. Mr. Westfall lost nine cows
and a team of horses.

There was four feet of water in the gas
house in this place, putting out all the fur-
nace fires and destroying the lower tier of
retorts. The damage is \$7,000.

The engine house of the Germantown
Fire Department was carried a quarter
of a mile, with engine, hose carriage, and all
the furniture. They were all ground to
pieces in the ice.

A hog and nine chickens passed this
place on a large cake of ice. They went
on down the river, and were rescued at
Milford.

Jacob Hornbeck, a wealthy farmer liv-
ing below here, counted forty skunks
swimming between his house and this
place. They were driven from their holes
in the numerous islands in the river.

Superintendent B. Thomas, Engineers
Billy Morris and Van Wormer, and Con-
ductor Gow were crossing the railroad
bridge on an engine, when they discovered
that the ice was moving the bridge. They
ran slowly back, and got safely to
this end. Robert Frampton, superintendent
of the bridge, knowing that several
coal and freight trains were coming over
the division, and some of them soon due
at the bridge, started, when the bridge
was swaying and cracking under the pres-
sure of the ice and steadily raising from
its foundation, to give notice to the track-
men on the other side of its condition.
He reached the center pier, when the two
spans ahead of him began moving off the
abutment. He was forced to return, but
first attracted the attention of a watchman
who had come down to see the river, and
signaled him to go back with a flag. Mr.
Frampton got safely back just as the bridge
was swept away, and the watchman stop-
ped a train that in two minutes more would
have plunged into the river.

The "Blind Reader" of the New York Post-office.

At a large desk, whose top is lined with
stacks of directories of all dates, and
whose lid is covered with a bushel or two
of the most outrageously-directed envel-
opes ever written, sits from morn till
night a quiet, professorial-looking gentle-
man, with a ruddy face, black whiskers,
and a blue, dreamy eye. He is about forty-
five years of age, says little, has the
penetration of a microscope, and is the
genius of the place. It is Mr. William W.
Stone. He has been twenty years in the
business, and is called the "blind reader,"
from his ability to look a hole through
the blindest chirography that ever drove a
clerk to madness, Sanscrit and Chinese
characters, High Dutch, Low Dutch, and
Limerick conundrums, Runic and hiero-
glyphic riddles, and Canaanish and Az-
tec dialects are but child's play to this ma-
gician of inscriptions. Wonderful stories
are told by his associates of his visual ac-
umen, and they do not hesitate to assert
that if he had been in the place of Mr. Sam
Weller at the courtship of Mrs. Bardell by
Mr. Pickwick, he would have seen with
perfect ease through that deal door and
the pair of stairs. Only the most intri-
cate puzzles, that can be unified by nobody
else, are taken to the desk of Mr. Stone,
and if he has passed upon them without
success they are consigned to the dead of-
fice as part of that mystery which it was
intended mortals should never unravel.
Over ninety per cent. of this mystical
chirography Mr. Stone succeeds in disen-
tangling without difficulty, reserving the
most difficult addresses for dull days and
unoccupied evenings. There is but one
class of envelopes that Mr. Stone passes
over with stern contempt, and that is the
one whose only direction is a letter stamp,
containing a note without signature or
address. The greatest difficulty Mr. Stone
has to contend with is not altogether in
the blindness of the writing, but in the
ignorance of foreigners in trying to strug-
gle with the perplexities of the English
language. The Germans are especially
troublesome, generally spelling their
words by the rules of their own language
and arranging them in the same manner.
A German will usually direct his missive
to the state whither he desires it to go,
then incidentally mention the county and
city, and at last confidently hang up the
name of the friend in one corner, precede
it by the word "to," and partially bury it
under the postage stamp. Their igno-
rance of geography too frequently leads
them astray, and they talk of postal in-
competency when letters are lost that
bear the addresses of O'breco for Nebras-
ka, Bensulana for Pennsylvania, zitig for
city, Tenn. for Territory, Testas for Tex-
as, N. J. C. N. for Michigan, co. for Ken-
tucky. But all nationalities are compelled
to yield to the Italian in the ingenuity and
grandeur of their mistakes. One of their
most original tricks is the habit of address-
ing their letters to all the places to which
their itinerant friend has traveled, and
ending with the last town which he has
reached. For instance, if the person to
which the letter is addressed has gone
from New York to Chicago, and various
other places in the West, his Italian cor-
respondent will direct a letter to New
York, then to Chicago, then to St. Louis,
Kansas City, New Orleans, etc. Mr. Stone
has learned all these peculiarities, and
readily comprehends their purport. When
he first assumed the duties of his present
office Mr. Stone was unable to discharge them
in a short time and then take up other
business of the service, but now he is con-
stantly employed and has four assistants.
—New York Sun.

The Pintes in Nevada.

Although the Pintes in some places in
the States are in a starving condition, those
living in the hills surrounding this city
are about as well fed as any people on the
face of the globe. They are all fat, rag-
ged, and saucy. Not so, however, as In-
dians generally are, for the majority of the
men are dressed in clothing in which nota
hole or rent is to be seen. Some of the
old squaws are exceedingly filthy and rag-
ged, and the majority of the females, old
and young, are exceedingly slatternly. It
is a curious fact that, among the Pintes,
the men alone appear to feel any pride in
dress. They are generally somewhat
jaunty, but the women do not care what
they wear, nor in what shape their cloth-
ing is worn. A Pinte squaw—even
though she be the belle of her tribe—
thinks nothing of walking through a
crowded street with a tin kettle on her
head and a huge soup-bone in her dexter
"flippin." Why the Indians here do not
send word to their starving brethren that
"lashins" of broken victuals are to be had
along the Constock range, is more than
we know. Were the starving Indians to
come in and properly distribute them-
selves about among the towns of the State
they would be "wintered over" in good
shape on the cold "grub" that is now
thrown away.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines.

We call attention to the Wheeler & Wil-
son advertisement in our columns. This
well known Company has the most advan-
taged facilities for supplying the public
with Sewing Machines, on as favorable
terms as the business will allow. They
warrant all their work, and it is a matter
of importance to the purchaser to deal
with a Company whose position and per-
manence give assurance that their guaranty
will be fulfilled. They have agencies and
offices throughout the civilized world, for
furnishing needles, thread and other neces-
sary supplies, and have an established rep-
utation for reliability and fair dealing.

Quicksilver is so scarce and dear in
Mexico that the Mexican Congress has
offered a reward of \$20,000 to the first
mine producing 500 flasks of that mineral.
It is contended by a Mexican metallurgist
that it may be produced at 50 places if proper
steps are taken to do so.

Berlin correspondents of Vienna jour-
nals indicate Mr. Benningsen as a possible
successor of Bismarck, by the Chancellor's
own designation. He is a Hanoverian,
but hitherto a henchman of the great
leader.

The Mount Cenis Tunnel cost £166
yard, and at that rate it is estimated that
the Channel Tunnel between England and
France would cost about £7,450,400.